

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

OLD WOODEN ROCKER.

There it stands, in the corner, with its back to the wall,
The old wooden rocker, so stately and tall!
With naught to disturb it, but the duster and broom,
For no one now uses that hack parlor room.
Oh, how well I remember, in days long gone by,
When we stood by that rocker, my sister and I,
And we listened to the stories that our grandma would tell,
By that old wooden rocker, we all loved so well.

CHORUS:

As she sat by the fire she would rock, rock, rock;
And we heard but the tick of the old brass clock;
Eighty years she had sat in that chair, grim and tall,
In that old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.

If this chair could but speak, oh, the tales it could tell,
How poor aged grandpa in fierce battle fell;
'Neath the stars and the stripes he fought bravely and true,
He cherished his freedom, the red, white and blue,
He could tell of bright days, and dark ones besides;
Of the day when dear grandma stood forth as a bride.
This is why we love it, this old chair grim and tall,
The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall.

As she sat by the fire, etc.

But poor grandma is gone, and her stories are done,
Her children have followed her, yes, one by one;
They have all gone to meet her, "in the sweet by and by,"
And all that is left is dear Sister and I.
Never more will we hide her gold specs on her cap;
Never more will we tease her while taking her nap;
Never more will she slumber in that chair grim and tall;
The old wooden rocker that stood by the wall.

As she sat by the fire, etc.

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